falling into nothingness (i'm flying into something so sublime)

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by soupbeanluvr

Summary

> Soobin had a sudden spark of inspiration. She accelerated just slightly, pushing her broom to its limit, close enough so she could reach out and grab the tail end of Beomgyu's broomstick.
>
> "What the *fuck* are you doing?" screamed Beomgyu, struggling to control her broomstick. "Stop that!"

Soobin has been determined to beat Beomgyu in Quidditch ever since they first interacted. She's willing to go to such lengths as grabbing the end of Beomgyu's broomstick to make it happen, but even though she gets what she wanted, Beomgyu's mad at her.

To make things worse, they're assigned a group project together for Transfiguration, which can only mean one thing: they'll be awkward and miserable until they're suddenly obsessed with each other.

Notes

This is complete fiction, and implies nothing about the people whose names are utilized. If you got here by googling yourself or because a fan linked you, you should click the back button.

3Choi are all Seventh Years for Plot Reasons (I needed them to be old enough that it made sense for them to be playing Quidditch, understanding their identities, and having kissed each other at least a little). Yeonjun is aged down 1 year to be the same age as Soobin; both of them were held back because they were born in fall (customary in American schools to hold back fall babies because they are otherwise younger than the rest of the grade). Yeonbin are thus in the same year as Beomgyu.

Tyunning are Sixth Years.

Ages are basically the same except for Yeonjun, but their grades (or in Hogwarts, Years) are different.

title from changing my major and edges of the world from the soundtrack of fun home, but i've decided it's changing my major because it's more relevant (lesbian).

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: Chapter One

Chapter Notes

> if anyone actually clicks on this please enjoy quidditch rivals soogyuri!! i love txt yuri let's make more of it

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Breathe. Soobin checked to make sure her glasses were secured on her face with a Sticking Charm before steadying her hands on the broomstick. *Stay calm*. *Just find the Snitch*. She just had to not freak out, to stay alert. Right?

Tweeeet! Madame Hooch's whistle sounded- and they were off, and the wind was rushing in Soobin's ears, and she was weightless. She leveled off sharply once she was high above the Quidditch stadium and could see everything, and the feeling of weightlessness abruptly disappeared, and her stomach returned from its vacation in her throat to where it normally was.

As she circled slowly around the stadium, checking on the other players every so often, she kept an eye out for a flash of gold. A quick glance to the side showed her that the other team's Seeker, Beomgyu, was doing the same.

Breathe. She forced herself to focus. It was the first match Slytherin had against Gryffindor, and Taehyun, her team Captain, would have absolutely murdered her if she lost their first game because she was distracted by a girl.

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Beomgyu. Soobin had been vaguely aware of her for the previous six years at Hogwarts, had known her as that one Gryffindor girl who was loud and obnoxious and silly, but had also seen her in the library working quietly, focused on her studies. In all honesty, Soobin hadn't really paid attention to Beomgyu before this year, probably because this was the first year that Soobin had made the Quidditch team and had come into direct contact with her.

Their first interaction had happened when there had been a mistake in reserving the Quidditch pitch, and it had accidentally been reserved twice- by both Gryffindor and Slytherin. Taehyun had been busy discussing it with Madame Hooch, and had left it to Soobin (whom

she already knew) to try and negotiate with the other team.

Soobin, shy and quiet and not very talkative, had struggled to advocate for their team. Beomgyu, loud and confident and self-righteous, had stepped up to her without fear and told Soobin that Gryffindor had reserved it and would be using it.

"Wait- but-" Soobin started to argue, but her soft voice was drowned out by Beomgyu.

"It's ours," said Beomgyu loudly. "We're here and we're not leaving, so leave or I'll have the Beaters send Bludgers at you for practice."

"Wait, I didn't agree to this," said one of their Beaters. Her pink hair (against regulation, but McGonagall had given up enforcing it with her) somehow glowed in the dark. "Beomgyu, you're not even Captain."

"Still," said Beomgyu. She looked directly at Soobin. "We're practicing here today. Find another time."

Taehyun had returned to find a dejected Soobin. She'd hoped that maybe they could share the pitch, or something, but Beomgyu had simply mowed her down. Taehyun had been disappointed, but resolved to spend the time strategizing instead, and Soobin had been happy to listen to Taehyun talk animatedly about her ideas for their match against Hufflepuff.

After that, Soobin had vowed not to let Beomgyu beat her, or win the match.

That wasn't working out so well. Soobin checked the score again- they were losing 130-50. They could still make it up, especially if she caught the Snitch, but it wasn't looking too good.

As she made another circle, Gryffindor scored again. Shit, they were almost 100 points now. She just had to find the Snitch first, and- fuck!

She swore aloud. Beomgyu had gone into a dive, which meant she'd probably spotted the Snitch.

Soobin immediately fell into a dive to follow her, and tried to follow her gaze. It might have been a feint.

It wasn't. Ahead of Beomgyu, Soobin could see that tiny flash of gold.

Letting out a quick breath, Soobin leaned forward to urge her broom

faster, trying to catch up with Beomgyu. She probably wouldn't be able to overtake her, but if she could just slow her down…

Soobin had a sudden spark of inspiration. She accelerated just slightly, pushing her broom to its limit, close enough so she could reach out and grab the tail end of Beomgyu's broomstick.

She grabbed it and tugged, slowing Beomgyu down and making Beomgyu's broom unstable in the air with the extra weight. Brooms weren't designed to carry extra weight at the back, and Soobin holding on made it bounce up and down wildly.

"What the fuck are you doing?" screamed Beomgyu, struggling to control her broomstick. "Stop that!"

"I… can't… let… you win," Soobin gritted out, hanging on for dear life. She was holding onto her own broomstick with just her leg strength (she could tell her legs were going to be absolutely dead later).

"SERIOUSLY?" Beomgyu yelled. She tried to throw Soobin off, but couldn't, and before she could reach the Snitch, it darted away. Beomgyu finally managed to dislodge Soobin by making a sharp turn.

Once they were higher in the air, Beomgyu turned to face her, furious. The stands were in uproar.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Beomgyu snapped. "We could have been killed! I lost the Snitch because of you!"

"Yeah, that's why I did it," Soobin yelled back (it wasn't really a yell, but it was the closest she could get to yelling). "I couldn't let you win!"

"Fuck, is it actually that important to you that you would put both of us in danger like that?"

Soobin hesitated. She hadn't thought about that.

"Oh, my Gods," said Beomgyu, irritated. "It's just a game! It's not worth it!"

Soobin didn't say anything. She was thinking about the incident with the reservations of the Quidditch pitch. Beomgyu hadn't made it seem like it was "just a game" then.

Beomgyu let out an angry huff and turned to fly away.

As she did so, the Snitch reappeared… right at the tail of Beomgyu's

broom. Soobin was startled, but she saw her chance and took it. She bolted right at Beomgyu's broom and snatched it out of the air.

Beomgyu screamed when she felt the tail being jostled again, and when she turned around and saw Soobin holding up the Snitch, she let out another scream, this time of frustration.

After the match, Soobin's thighs were burning, and her legs felt shaky. They were all (well, almost all) gathered in the locker rooms.

In the girls' locker room, Taehyun raised an eyebrow at her but didn't say anything, just kept silently watching her with those big eyes.

As Soobin stripped down, blocking her body with the locker door, she heard a sudden commotion by the entrance. She peeked around the corner and saw Beomgyu, who was the last to come in, mud-streaked and angry-looking.

Beomgyu stomped inside, stripped off her Quidditch kit without caring who saw her, and pulled open her locker door with such force that it slammed into the locker next to it.

"Jeez, don't need to take it so seriously," Soobin muttered under her breath.

Beomgyu turned to her with a look of such fury that Soobin took a step back.

"You're one to talk," she growled. "You cheated just to stop me from getting the Snitch. Don't pretend like you aren't the same."

"Technically it's not cheating," said Soobin. "Plus, I seem to remember someone absolutely steamrollering my entire team, and threatening us with your Beaters, just because you didn't want to share a Quidditch pitch."

"That was totally not the same thing!" said Beomgyu indignantly. "Ugh, I can't believe you."

Soobin shrugged and finished changing into loose clothes. She'd shower back up at the dorms- the magic was spottier down here and the hot water didn't always work.

As she left the locker room, finding Taehyun outside with her girlfriend (Taehyun always said she was waiting for Soobin, but really she just wanted an excuse to make out with Kai), she could still hear Beomgyu's faint voice complaining.

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It was nearly lunchtime. Soobin was sure of it, because she hardly had a shadow (Taehyun had taught her that when her shadow was under her, it was noon) and also her stomach was starting to rumble, and she'd had to cast a Silencing Charm, because whenever it rumbled, someone looked up at her.

She was struggling to pay attention to what McGonagall was saying, because she could feel someone's gaze burning holes in the back of her head. She was pretty sure she knew who it was.

Today they had double Transfig with the Gryffindors, and Beomgyu was in this class.

Beomgyu was still mad at her. She'd heard whispers about it from other girls.

Soobin tried to ignore it for the time being. She was pulled out of her head by Professor McGonagall's voice.

"... group project," McGonagall finished.

Soobin sat up. What? A group project? She hadn't done those since, like, primary school.

Thankfully, someone else hadn't heard the instructions, and asked to hear them again, so Soobin didn't have to.

Professor McGonagall let out a long-suffering sigh and then repeated herself.

"As we have just started to learn Glamour Charms, I found it fitting for you to work in pairs- which I will be assigning. You will have to demonstrate- on each other- and I expect you to be civil with one another."

She began reading out names, and Soobin started to space out. It was taking forever to get to her name. And then finally-

"Soobin Choi and Beomgyu Choi…" McGonagall said, pausing for a moment to check to see that both of them heard, before continuing.

Soobin stiffened. Beomgyu? Working with her? She wasn't sure they'd manage it. She steeled herself before turning to look at Beomgyu.

Beomgyu was staring at her with fiery eyes. Her nostrils were flared, and her mouth was set in a line, but she wasn't saying anything.

“Please make sure to manage your time well, and work out a schedule. I will be deducting points significantly for any late work.”

Soobin swallowed nervously. This was going to be a miserable time.

Beomgyu slammed her books down on the Slytherin table at lunch, and slid into the seat next to Soobin. She ignored Taehyun, Yeonsoon and Kai on Soobin’s other side- Kai had her head in Taehyun’s lap, and Yeonsoon was feeding Taehyun giant bites of food.

Soobin stared at her.

“What are you doing here?” she asked. “This is the Slytherin table.”

“Yes, I noticed,” said Beomgyu shortly. “And correct me if I’m wrong, but Yeonsoon and Kai aren’t Slytherins either.”

“Well, yeah,” Soobin conceded. “But you’re not friends with me.”

“I’m not. But we have a project to do together, and I need to know when we’re doing this.”

“Oh, right,” said Soobin. “Um, let me think.”

“I can’t believe you forgot already. It’s been ten minutes,” said Beomgyu.

“I didn’t forget, I was just… focused on lunch,” Soobin protested. “Um, what about Wednesday and Friday in the library after we have Potions together? And maybe Saturdays in the library, too?”

“Time’s fine, but I have a better place,” said Beomgyu. “Meet me at the library today after Potions and I’ll show you.”

Without saying goodbye, she picked up her books and walked away. Soobin watched her leave and didn’t resume eating until Beomgyu had disappeared.

When Soobin turned back to eat, Yeonsoon was wiggling her eyebrows at her suggestively.

“So, Beomgyu,” Yeonsoon said in a teasing tone. She tried to wink at Soobin and ended up closing her eyes.

“Yeonsoon, don’t even bother with Soobin,” said Taehyun. “You won’t get anywhere with her. And stop trying to wink, you don’t know how to do it right.”

Soobin rolled her eyes. Her friends were ridiculous.

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“So,” Soobin began, “where do you want to go?”

They’d finished Potions and Beomgyu had immediately ran off to the library without even waiting for Soobin.

“Just follow me,” said Beomgyu, and she’d already stood up.

“Okay, mysterious,” Soobin said under her breath.

“What was that?” asked Beomgyu. “What did you just call me?”

“Nothing, nothing,” Soobin sighed. “It’s nothing.”

Soobin had no idea where they were going. They made several turns, climbed a flight of stairs, and wound up on the seventh-floor corridor.

“Here?” Soobin asked. “I didn’t know there was anything here.”

“You have to know how to find it.” Beomgyu stopped in front of a seemingly blank wall, and then paced back and forth three times, muttering under her breath.

“What?” Soobin watched her, bewildered. Was she crazy? She hadn’t seemed crazy. Overly competitive, sure, but Soobin was guilty of that as well.

Soobin was about to ask Beomgyu if she was sure they were at the right place, when a set of doors appeared. They were old-fashioned-looking, wooden and ornate, but when Beomgyu tugged one of them open, the inside looked like a cosy library. Beomgyu beckoned Soobin in with a wave of her hand.

Soobin stepped inside and was startled. The room looked somehow both spacious and comfortable, not-too-big and not-too-small, filled with squashy beanbags and chairs, with a table in the middle, and a wall of books that all appeared to be about Transfiguration.

When Soobin’s feet were both inside the doorway, the doors closed behind her.

“What is this place?” asked Soobin, feeling uneasy. It was unfamiliar and therefore untrustworthy.

“It’s the Room of Requirement,” said Beomgyu, spreading her hands out to show off the Room, “Also known as the Come and Go Room. It’s whatever you want, so I asked for a place to work on Transfig.”

“Cool,” Soobin breathed. She wouldn’t usually admit it, but this sort of thing fascinated her. Then she cleared her throat.

“Should we get started then?” Soobin suggested. She had a decent grasp on Glamour Charms, but wasn’t completely confident.

“Oh, sure,” said Beomgyu. “Actually, I already know how to do them on myself pretty well.”

“How?” asked Soobin. She hadn’t been expecting this. Beomgyu was known for being good at magic, of course, but she didn’t exactly have a reputation as a huge nerd.

“My hair, obviously,” said Beomgyu. With a lazy flick of her wand, she added highlights to her dark hair (Soobin could have waxed poetic about Beomgyu’s hair, but that would have been embarrassing. It was shorter than most girls’, but for a while last year, Soobin had heard rumours that Beomgyu had had (against-regulation) highlights in her hair and although they weren’t there anymore, they had lingered in the Hogwarts students’ memory). “Boom, Beomgyu oreo.”

“As practice for doing it on someone else, do you think you could do me, too,” blurted out Soobin before she could stop herself. Beomgyu’s casual competence was unexpectedly making her (even more) attractive.

“Sure,” said Beomgyu easily. “Here, let me try.”

She flicked her wand again, and although Soobin couldn’t see it on herself, clearly something had happened. Beomgyu’s eyebrows went up and her lips parted slightly. Her eyes stayed on Soobin’s face for so long that Soobin could have counted her (very long) eyelashes.

“Is something wrong?” Soobin asked anxiously. It would have been really embarrassing if she had to go out with, like, neon green hair or something.

“No, it’s…” Beomgyu trailed off, before fishing a mirror out of her bookbag. She handed it to Soobin and guided Soobin’s hands to hold it up to herself. “See for yourself.”

Beomgyu had turned Soobin oreo, too. The effect was surprisingly flattering. Since Beomgyu was wearing her glasses now (she wore them outside of Quidditch matches), they looked…

“We match,” said Soobin quietly. She looked at Beomgyu, who swallowed.

“… Yep,” said Beomgyu, after a moment’s hesitation. Then she continued briskly, as if nothing had happened, “so, want to try something on yourself? Make your hair a little longer or something. I’ll fix it if you mess up.”

Soobin flushed at the suggestion that she didn’t know what she was doing, but complied. She flicked her wand and turned her hair blonde.

“Whoa,” said Beomgyu. “I- I mean, that’s a bit more drastic than what I meant. But it worked, look.”

Beomgyu was staring at her intensely, and it was kind of freaking Soobin out. Had she done something wrong? She checked the mirror.

Nope, Soobin had turned herself platinum blonde. Beomgyu was just staring for… no reason.

“Are you okay?” Soobin asked. It was starting to get a little weird.

“Yeah,” said Beomgyu. She was still looking at Soobin. “It just looks… really good on you.”

Well, Soobin wasn’t expecting that. Her cheeks heated, although she wasn’t sure why.

“So…” she hedged, “I did a good job?”

“Are you looking for praise or something?” Beomgyu tilted her head at Soobin. “You got a kink for that?”

“No!” Soobin shook her head forcefully. “It’s just- I mean- well, I thought you hated me.”

“No, I was mad at you because you did something stupid and dangerous for a Quidditch match.”

“You threatened to do the same thing!” Soobin pointed out.

“Yeah, threatened. Not actually doing.” Beomgyu was staring at her again.

Soobin wondered if it really looked that good on her.

“Still,” she said (lamely). “Anyway, can I try on you now? I think I have the hang of it.”

“No!” Beomgyu covered her hair protectively and angled herself away from Soobin.

“I’m not that bad, though.” Soobin pouted. She really wasn’t, and it was kind of offensive that Beomgyu had so little trust in her. “And I have to practice, don’t I?”

“I guess,” Beomgyu said reluctantly. “Fine. But I’m staying oreo. You can’t change that.”

“

I’ll just make it a little longer,” promised Soobin. She waved her wand at Beomgyu, who flinched slightly (how dramatic, Soobin thought) as her hair lengthened from layered and above the shoulder to just below her shoulders. It wasn’t a huge difference.

Beomgyu took the mirror back and examined herself.

“Aww, man,” she said. “You made me look like a straight girl.”

“As opposed to?”

“A lesbian,” Beomgyu said matter-of-factly. “Obviously.”

She flicked her wand to turn her hair back to normal.

It was pretty obvious, actually, and Soobin probably should have realized sooner.

“I’m, um, lesbian too,” Soobin rushed out, before backtracking quickly. “I mean, if you’re a lesbian, you always look lesbian?”

“Why was that a question?” Beomgyu seemed to be looking at her more closely. “Also, I kind of guessed. About the lesbian thing.”

“I don’t know!” Soobin huffed. “But what gave me away?”

“First of all,” Beomgyu said, slamming her hand down on the table as if to make a point, “it’s not really something to hide. And as for how I guessed? Well, you’re friends with Yeonsoon. Everyone Yeonsoon is friends with is a lesbian.”

“That’s not true-” Soobin started to say, before she thought about it. Did Yeonsoon have any non-lesbian friends?

“Look, even if they’re not lesbian, Yeonsoon basically doesn’t have any

non-queer friends," Beomgyu said dismissively. She waved her hand as if to dispel Soobin's protests and continued, "and anyway I always see you staring at girls."

"Girls?" squeaked out Soobin. She hadn't realized she was that obvious.

"Like me. Duh." Beomgyu pointed to herself and shrugged.

"Are you still mad at me?" Soobin was still kind of stuck on that. She wasn't sure she could be friends with Beomgyu (which they were probably going to be) if Beomgyu was still mad at her.

"I'll let it go," said Beomgyu imperiously.

"Oh, good," said Soobin.

"... for a price."

"What? You can't do that!" Soobin argued (maybe they wouldn't be friends after all).

"I'll stop being mad at you," said Beomgyu, "if you agree to be my girlfriend."

"That's not really a price, is it? I mean, I want to be your girlfriend."

"I don't see a problem here," Beomgyu sniffed. "Take it or leave it. Offer's on the table. I'll give you five minutes."

"I'll be your girlfriend," Soobin said quickly. "Can we kiss now?"

Chapter End Notes

you thought i would give you details? you thought wrong. i am and will always be a cockblocker!!!

just kidding lol. there's more!!

Chapter 2: Bonus Chapter!

Chapter Summary

soobin discovers some things about herself.

Chapter Notes

hi! this chapter is a bonus just for the perverts out there. it's not relevant to the plot, you can skip it if you want.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’ll be your girlfriend,” Soobin said quickly. “Can we kiss now?”

Beomgyu didn’t answer. Instead, she stepped right into Soobin’s space, cupped Soobin’s face in her hands, and lifted up slightly on her toes to kiss her very, very softly and chastely.

When Beomgyu pulled back, Soobin tilted her head to the side in question.

“That’s it?”

“What do you mean, that’s it?” said Beomgyu. “I’m not finished with you yet.”

“Why do you make it sound like I’m being punished?” Soobin mumbled.

“Because you are,” answered Beomgyu. “I’ve decided that I’m still mad at you and haven’t actually forgiven you.”

“You’re unbelievable,” said Soobin, rolling her eyes (that was her mistake).

“That’s another strike,” Beomgyu said triumphantly. “Now you have two things to make up for.”

“What do I have to do?” Soobin resigned herself to whatever Beomgyu had in store for her.

“Wait a second.” Beomgyu was quiet for a moment, and a bed appeared. “There. Go to the bed.”

She pointed to the bed and snapped her fingers. Soobin immediately

complied. Had she been facing Beomgyu, she would have seen the smirk on Beomgyu's face and realized she was plotting something.

"Now take off your clothes. Just your outer robes. I'll do the rest."

Soobin blushed at the implication and carefully removed her school robes, revealing a skirt and blouse underneath. Her shoulders curled in shyly. She could feel Beomgyu's eyes going over her body.

"Now lie back against the headboard."

As soon as she obeyed, Beomgyu climbed over her and straddled her, looking down at her with a satisfied expression on her beautiful face (Gods, Soobin was already starting to go crazy…).

Soobin found that she enjoyed this position more than she expected. It was comfortable, having Beomgyu on top like this.

"Now what?" she asked.

Beomgyu's smile widened. Her hands came up from their hold on Soobin's waist (Soobin wasn't sure when that had happened, but she wasn't complaining) to grip her hair, and using the hold she had, slowly tilted Soobin's head upward to meet her eyes. Soobin was breathing shallowly, eyes nearly black.

"You were asking if that was it, but you're this worked up already?" Beomgyu asked. Her tone was almost taunting.

She leaned forward and pressed a kiss to Soobin's pouting lips, completely in control. There was no fight for dominance. Soobin was letting Beomgyu have her way with her, moving her lips at Beomgyu's pace, head angled how Beomgyu wanted it.

Soobin was putty in Beomgyu's sure hands.

Beomgyu pulled away for a moment, and Soobin caught her breath.

"Have you done this before?" Soobin asked in between pants.

Beomgyu giggled in spite of herself.

"Baby, you seriously have the worst timing," she said. Before she went back in for another kiss, she added, "yeah, with Yeonsoon."

"Yeonsoon really has a million darlings-" Soobin started.

“Enough about Yeonsoon. You’re kissing me!” Beomgyu pouted at her, and then pulled Soobin in again.

Soobin started to squirm.

“Beomgyu,” she whined. She buried her face in Beomgyu’s neck and mouthed at it mindlessly.

“What is it?” asked Beomgyu. “You want me to touch you?”

Soobin nodded and shook her head.

“Yes? No?”

“I wanna- you,” Soobin whimpered.

“You want to touch me?”

More nodding.

“Okay, baby,” Beomgyu said. “Let’s get you out of this uniform. You look really cute in it, but I want it off. That okay?”

“Uh-huh.” Soobin was still mauling Beomgyu’s neck.

“You’re going to have to let go of me, though.”

“Okay.” Soobin reluctantly released Beomgyu. “You too.”

Neither of them bothered to undress in a particularly appealing way. Soobin wasn’t able to, and Beomgyu was too worked up and impatient.

When Beomgyu was bare, Soobin immediately went straight to Beomgyu’s small breasts, mouth-first. Beomgyu let out a startled moan at the feeling of Soobin’s warm tongue on her nipple.

“Soobin,” she gasped, trying to maintain composure, “you really like having things in your mouth, hm?”

Soobin hummed twice to agree, around Beomgyu’s nipple, and it sent a jolt straight to Beomgyu’s clit.

“Wait- wait a second,” Beomgyu panted, pushing Soobin’s head away. Soobin let out a whine and tried to latch back on.

“You- you like having things in your mouth?”

Soobin had to process for a few moments.

“Yes,” she answered. “My mouth kinda gets bored if I don’t have something in it…”

“*Gods,* that’s so hot,” said Beomgyu. “Would you eat me out?”

“I- I don’t know how,” said Soobin hesitantly.

“What if I just use your face to get off?” Beomgyu said, testing the waters. She had a theory that Soobin would really, really like that. She slipped a hand down in between Soobin’s legs, checking Soobin’s face before continuing. She had barely reached Soobin’s inner thighs before registering the feeling of *sticky* and *wet.* “Could you get off just from that? I bet you could, you’re so easy.”

At the word *easy*, Soobin let out a moan. She hadn’t been especially quiet the entire time, but calling her easy was like pushing a button.

“Oh, Gods,” she whimpered. “You’re going to kill me.”

“It’ll be a little death,” laughed Beomgyu. “Here, let’s switch.”

Beomgyu had to awkwardly hover for a moment to avoid being kneed in the face and then Soobin had her face directly over Beomgyu’s pussy. Even from this angle, Beomgyu could see Soobin inhaling deeply.

“Wait,” Beomgyu said suddenly, and Soobin froze. “It’s fine, just-”

Beomgyu reached over and grabbed a pillow, pushing it towards Soobin.

“I want your hands on me only. Do you think you could come just from humping that pillow?”

Soobin’s face burned. The way Beomgyu was talking to her was sending lightning down to her throbbing clit. She was being set on fire.

“Oh, I bet you could.” Beomgyu laughed, and it was a little bit mean. “C’mon, I want to see it.”

Soobin let out a humiliated whimper as she moved the pillow between her legs, and had to work hard to resist the urge to bury her face in her hands. Her hips twitched as she made the slightest contact with the pillow, and her body heated up even more. Fuck, she was so

embarrassed, and it was even more embarrassing that she was getting more aroused the more humiliated she got.

She slowly lowered her face to Beomgyu's pussy. Beomgyu had a bush, and Soobin thought it was cute. Most girls she knew shaved, but Beomgyu hated shaving because of the sensation it gave her when the hair grew back, so she had a bush.

"Hurry up," Beomgyu commanded. "Or I'll make you."

"Please," Soobin begged, moaning even louder.

The smirk returned to Beomgyu's face, and she tangled her fingers into Soobin's hair and pushed Soobin's face into her cunt.

They both let out identical moans, Beomgyu at the much-needed friction, Soobin at the (wo)manhandling and as her hips automatically ground down onto the pillow. Soobin's moan vibrated directly into Beomgyu's sensitive clit, and Beomgyu tensed away from it, but Soobin chased after it desperately.

"You're s-so desperate," Beomgyu panted in between moans, grinding her pussy up against Soobin's face. "It's- *hah*- pathetic."

Soobin whimpered again, shivering. Her clit tingled at Beomgyu's words. She was getting comfortable like this, letting Beomgyu use her to get off. She thought she could have stayed there forever.

"I'm- *oh*," Beomgyu moaned. She tried to warn Soobin that she was close, but Soobin seemed content to snuggle up against Beomgyu's pussy. "Soobin, I'm-"

That was all the warning she could manage. Beomgyu came against Soobin's face, gripping her hair tightly. Even as she came down and was a little too sensitive, Soobin didn't let up, and her hips were still moving in small, desperate movements against the pillow.

In one quick motion, Beomgyu hauled Soobin up onto her lap (Soobin let out another moan at Beomgyu's display of strength) and replaced the pillow with her fingers. Beomgyu's skilled fingers were put to good use- one hand one Soobin's breasts, toying with her sensitive nipples (Beomgyu made a mental note to use them against Soobin next time) and the other rubbing her clit- until Soobin whimpered and trembled through her orgasm.

They lay together for a few minutes, panting, before Soobin's hazy

eyes found the clock and suddenly weren't hazy any more, because she had five minutes until her next class, and it was Herbology, so she'd have a long walk.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck," Soobin chanted, waving her wand to clean herself up, putting her clothes back on in record time, casting a few refreshing charms (she left Beomgyu's come on her face but used a drying charm) so she wouldn't be late. She ran over to Beomgyu, gave her one last kiss and then rushed out.

"Bye, Beomgyu," she yelled over her shoulder as she started to sprint.

"Bye, Soobin!" Beomgyu called. She then slowly started to put her stuff away. Her legs were still shaky. She was surprised Soobin was able to run so fast after orgasming (maybe Beomgyu could make her come multiple times…).

–

"So," said Yeonsoon, "Did you get her?"

"Who, Beomgyu?" asked Soobin. "Yeah, we're girlfriends."

Yeonsoon looked up at Taehyun. She had an I-told-you-so look on her face.

Right on time, she said, "Babe, I told you so."

"No need to rub it in," Taehyun said. She was smiling, though, all of her teeth showing and her cute dimple popping out.

"Sorry, babe, but Yeonsoon's right," said Kai as she arrived at the Slytherin table to give Taehyun and Yeonsoon a kiss. "This time, anyway."

"I'm right other times, too," protested Yeonsoon, at the same time as Taehyun said, "Kai, you're supposed to be my supportive girlfriend!"

Chapter End Notes

i'm going to single-handedly get the submissive choi soobin tag to 400 works... just you wait

(i tried to put myself on time out for porn because before this i wrote two works with porn in them. i said no more and look what happened...)

wow i'm really on a roll with this writing thing... this is the most i've written in this amount of time in like. years. maybe i should write more fanfiction

End Notes

my twt if you want to say hi :3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!